

**NEGRESS IS SHOT  
AND KILLED BY A  
BOARDER IN HOME**

**Robert Rhubottom, 'Also  
Colored, Held Pending  
Investigation.**

## CLAIMS IT WAS AN ACCIDENT

**Negro Tells Police That He Was Loading the Weapon When Shell Exploded Others Say He Told Them He Tried to Frighten His Victim.**

William Settles, a 30 year old colored woman, was shot and killed about 11 o'clock this morning in Jackson Hill, La. by Robinson, a white constable. Rhubottom, colored man, for her husband. Rhubottom was threatened by the police, maintaining that the woman was innocent. The constable's account of how it happened was told to the judge district from what he told other men. He was taken to the county jail at 12 o'clock.

At 1 o'clock this morning, the night before, the British savant arrived. She died at death before midnight and reached the house Dr W. J. Churchill, who arrived about 2:45 o'clock. The woman was taken to the District and William Metcalf, of the West Side, had responded to Rhubottom's plea for aid some time before the doctor arrived. The husband, the doctor but was a witness that the woman's life was ending early.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when Rhubottom arrived at the Columbus Hotel and was taken to the room where she died. The woman quickly regained

Some ladies, Dickson and Marjory hurried to Robinson's Falls where first settlers conducted a boarding house. They were the first to come on the floor. A smear on the bed indicated that she had tried to lie down upon it but had slipped to the floor. They live first aid until a physician came from the city. R. H. Abbott had summoned Chief of Police, W. D. Flowers. The latter found the woman's body a little warmer than the other bodies. He had placed Thubouton under a sheet and turned him over to Constable William Lohnd, who had arrived at the scene.

Some one made no attempt to escape but was greatly agitated wondering from place to place, declaring that he had shot his best friend and did not care what happened. He told

revolver to show how the cartridges were put in and in snapping it back had discharged one of the shells. The weapon was surrendered to the police. Only one shell had been fired. It was necessary to show that the person that he had pointed the weapon at the woman a to frighten her and it had been discharged.

Mildred Hall, a waitress who also worked at the house was held as a witness. She maintained that she saw nothing on the porch when the shooting occurred.

The shooting occurred in a room on the lower floor of the house. There were no one in the house at the time except Rhubottom and the Easton woman. Mildred Hall was at work at Trotter. They returned at 9 when word

of the shooting spread. None of them knew of any cause for a quarrel between the two men.

Rhubottom is 26 years of age. He served a sentence for drunkenness in the city before he fell in the mouth of the river, that Labor Union told the County Detective J. J. Smith was that the shooting was purely accidental. He says that he and a friend named Willie had been visiting him, when they went into Connecticut late last night to look and that Willie caught the first car north. Returning he showed the woman a revolver. When she asked him to show it to her, he broke the gun to show her and as he did so the weapon was discharged, striking the "Settles" woman in the leg.

Smith said that he was called to the big up with a handkerchief, as well as he could, and that he went for a doctor. He claims that one physician told him that the shot hit the leg some time before he could get Dr. W. J. Churchill.

Detective Smith lodged Rhubottom in the county jail this morning.

**WANTS LABORERS PROTECTED**

**Coroner's Jury Suggests Signals on  
Coke Cuts in Which Men Work.**

Recommmendation is to the methods of handling unloading operations on sidetracks were made by the coroner's jury at Brownsville assembled to inquire into the death of Jim Harvey, aged 39, who was thrown to the bottom of a freight car at the Colonial

Do I plant August 10 and killed when a freight train collided with the car in which he was working. The jury in its verdict stated that it did not know whether the fault lay with the Pennsylvania or Railroad Company in placing its cars too rapidly, or with the coke company in not placing a signal at the box car. The jury recommended that in the future any car that is being unloaded on a siding be protected by signal.

Fishing Is Poor  
Continued rains have caused many fishermen to break their canoes.

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## News from Nearby Towns

## ROCKWOOD.

ROCKWOOD, Aug. 21.—Mr. Taylor has returned from a business trip to Pittsburgh, where he transacted business for J. C. McSpadden of this place.

Lloyd Newman of this place was a caller in Somerset Saturday.

Mrs. Harrison Vaughn and children spent Saturday in Markleton visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Hanger of Wilson Creek were shoppers here Saturday.

Edith Hemminger, son of Dr. Hemminger of Somerset, who has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Walker, of East Broadway, for two weeks, returned home on Saturday.

C. B. Moore of New Lexington, was a recent caller here.

Mrs. C. A. Miller, Mrs. John Miller and granddaughter, Mary Jane Wolf, returned after a few days' visit with relatives and friends in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hartline have as their guest, Mrs. Hartline's sister, Mrs. Stella Austin of Meyersdale.

Misses Mary Zearfoss of Connelville, and Gabe Hartzberg of this place, whom Miss Zearfoss is visiting, have returned home from Meyersdale after a visit with friends and relatives.

Rev. John Eiler, pastor of the Lutheran Church of this place, and his wife went to Jerome Sunday. Rev. Eiler preached in the Lutheran Church at the latter place Sunday evening.

Misses Ethel Dunbar and May Bittner have gone to Pittsburgh to spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

George Hamill of Somerset spent Saturday and Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. James Wolfenbarger of Highland has returned home after a pleasant visit with her parents at Reading.

Henry Hae of Somerset stopped here between trains Saturday.

Mrs. Lloyd Dewire of East Broadway was taken to the Memorial Hospital at Johnstown Sunday suffering with typhoid fever.

Mr. Knepper of Berlin was the guest of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knepper, of the Miller building, over Sunday.

Misses Catherine and May Bittner, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Bittner, left Saturday for Brownsville to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Welmer.

Mrs. Bittner and daughter Nellie left for Salisbury to visit Mrs. Bittner's mother and sister, the Newman family.

Frank L. Johnson of the Miller building went to Pittsburgh on business Saturday and Sunday.

Frank Taylor of Somerset was a business caller Saturday, stopping at the Merchants' Hotel.

Miss Anna Conway of Broadway went to Cumberland Saturday to visit friends.

Miss Clara Coleman has come to Berlin and Meyersdale to spend a few days with relatives and friends.

Robert Knepper, sister of Berlin, is visiting her brother and sister-in-law of the Miller building for a few days.

There will be no services in the Lutheran Church until September 13. Rev. John Eiler, the pastor, is enjoying his summer vacation.

Miss Linda Fay of Washington, D. C., is visiting her father, Mrs. Fay, for a week or ten days.

## MEYERSDALE.

MEYERSDALE, Aug. 22.—Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Duhl, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dahl and the latter's sister, Miss Carrie Dicket, motored to Bedford Saturday for a visit with relatives and friends. They will return home Monday.

Harold Epple, George Katerlin, Prof. Henry Gross and Walter Gross left today for Stanton's dam, where they will spend a week camping.

Mr. and Mrs. William Graves, Miss Anna Graves and Kenneth Howell, went to Cumberland this morning by automobile, where they spent the day visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Julia Short left today for Pittsburgh, where she expects to remain for some time.

Mrs. Austin Kennell and two children, who had been visiting here, returned to her home in Wellersburg yesterday. They were accompanied

by Mrs. Kennell's sister, Miss Harriet Stahl, who will visit there for a few weeks.

John C. Weber and son, Charles, and Thomas Keltz motored here today from Latrobe and were guests of the former's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Weber.

Miss Elizabeth Tressler went to Berlin today to remain for a few days among relatives and friends.

Mrs. M. J. Kerkman and four children of Connelville, are visiting at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. M. J. Livingston.

Miss Mary Mayer of Froburg, Md., is a guest of her friend, Miss Ada Herwie.

Mrs. Edward Maust is spending a few days with relatives near Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Miller, who had been visiting in Toledo and Akron, Ohio, returned home Saturday and spent a few hours in Meyersdale, while en route to their home near Grantsville.

Mrs. Lake Hay and Mrs. John Miller departed today for Akron, Ohio, where they expect to visit for several weeks.

## INDIAN CREEK.

INDIAN CREEK, Aug. 22.—L. J. Haer spent Sunday among Meyersdale friends.

George Barkell of Mill Run, was a business caller in Pittsburgh Saturday. Gertrude Hutchinson of Mill Run was calling on Connelville friends and shopping Saturday.

Samuel Grafe of Mount Noto, was a business caller in Connelville on Saturday.

A. P. Doerley left for his home in Scotland to spend a few days with friends.

L. B. Dull was a business caller in Connelville on Saturday.

L. E. May of Mill Run, was a Connelville marketer on Saturday.

Mrs. H. W. Miller left for California, Pa., where she will spend a few days with friends and relatives.

James Reed of Pittsburgh, is along the Indian Creek valley today on business.

Lester Barry of Hazlewood, is spending a few days in Mill Run with friends.

Cyrus Deal and Charles Johnson of Mill Run, are Connelville and Uniontown business callers today.

Richard Morris of Mount Noto, is calling on Connelville friends today.

J. I. Rogers of Rogers Mill, is transacting business in Connelville today.

Harry T. Miller of Washington, D. C., is spending a few days with his father, H. W. Miller of this place.

S. M. Hutchinson of Mill Run, is a business caller in Connelville and Uniontown today.

Frank Kesser, Frank Stuhl and George Ambacher of Mill Run, was Connelville business callers on Saturday.

Frank Cox spent a few days with his father at Mill Run.

## OHIOVILLE.

OHIOVILLE, Aug. 22.—William Brady left for Pittsburgh last evening on a short business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Harrington and daughter, Majorie, of McKeesport, spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rafferty on Garrett street.

Miss Gladys Stewart of Connelville, spent Sunday calling on friends here.

Mrs. George Herschberger and two children are the guests of friends in Mount Heidelberg for a few days.

Harvey and Lawrence Burke returned to their home here last evening, after the past week spent with friends in Cumberland.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Conley and son Joseph, returned to their home in Duquesne last evening, after the past week spent with Mr. and Mrs. M. Harter.

William McFarland of Connelville, was a caller here yesterday.

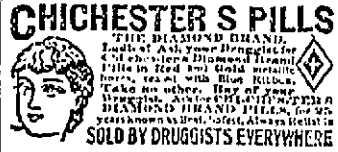
James Rush and Joseph Doney of Connelville, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart of Bitter are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. Harter.

Edith Vaisickie was a caller in Cumberland yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Yoder of Uniontown, spent Sunday the guests of friends here.

Edward Corstian left for his work in Connelville, after spending a few days with relatives here.



**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
Each of Ash's Pills is a perfect little pill in itself. It is made of purest ingredients and is the only pill that can be taken at any time, in any place, without the least inconvenience. It is the only pill that can be taken at any time, in any place, without the least inconvenience. It is the only pill that can be taken at any time, in any place, without the least inconvenience.

## Sports

## Baseball at a Glance

## NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.  
No games scheduled; all teams in the east.

Standing of the Clubs.	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia .....	59	48	.551
Brooklyn .....	61	52	.540
Pittsburgh .....	54	54	.500
Chicago .....	56	56	.496
Pittsburgh .....	54	54	.491
New York .....	51	55	.481
St. Louis .....	60	60	.460
Cincinnati .....	52	60	.464

Today's Schedule.  
Pittsburgh at Boston.  
Chicago at Philadelphia.  
Cincinnati at Brooklyn.  
St. Louis at New York.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.  
Philadelphia 6; Cleveland 1.  
Washington 8; Detroit 1.  
Detroit 1; Washington 9.  
Chicago 5; New York 2.  
Chicago 5; New York 6.  
Boston 6; St. Louis 1.  
Boston 5; St. Louis 3.

Standing of the Clubs.	W.	L.	Pct.
Boston .....	74	37	.669
Detroit .....	71	40	.640
Chicago .....	59	41	.611
Washington .....	57	51	.531
New York .....	52	54	.481
Cleveland .....	48	59	.451
St. Louis .....	41	71	.365
Philadelphia .....	35	75	.315

Today's Schedule.  
New York at Chicago.  
Boston at St. Louis.

Prosperous Times  
Pave the Way to  
New Business

And to handle new business successfully, you need good bank connections—  
For 29 years this old, reliable bank has been noted for the prompt and efficient and given business men in all financial transactions.  
Perhaps you need, too, a No. 1 service.  
Consultation invited.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"The Bank That Does Things For You."  
120 W. Main St., Connelville, Pa.  
Capital and Surplus \$300,000

4% Interest Paid On Saving Accounts.

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## FEDERAL LEAGUE.

Yesterday's Results.  
\*Newark 4; Pittsburgh 1.  
Newark 3; Pittsburgh 1.  
Chicago 4; Buffalo 0.

\*10 innings.

Standing of the Clubs.

W.	L.	Pct.
Newark .....	63	.43
Kansas City .....	61	.50
Pittsburgh .....	61	.50
Chicago .....	63	.52
St. Louis .....	68	.55
Buffalo .....	66	.54
Brooklyn .....	64	.53
Baltimore .....	39	.315

Today's Schedule.  
Kansas City at Pittsburgh.  
Brooklyn at Baltimore.  
St. Louis at Chicago.

Sour Stomach.  
If you are troubled with this complaint you should take Chamberlain's Tablets, being careful to observe the directions with each bottle. You are certain to be benefited by them if you give them a trial. Sold by all dealers.—Adv.

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Chicago at Philadelphia.  
Cincinnati at Brooklyn.  
St. Louis at New York.

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Today's Schedule.  
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In every walk of life  
you'll find good old "Bull" Durham

Men of action, men with red blood in their veins, who do the world's work, and do it well, learn to appreciate things at their real worth. They are not fooled by frills—they demand honest value.

These are the millions of men all over the earth who find complete, healthful enjoyment and lasting satisfaction in "Bull" Durham hand-made cigarettes!

GENUINE  
"BULL" DURHAM  
SMOKING TOBACCO

These fresh, fragrant cigarettes they roll for themselves, with their own hands, to their own liking, from ripe, mellow "Bull" Durham tobacco, suit their taste better than any cigarette they can buy ready-made.

"Bull" Durham hand-made cigarettes are a distinctive form of tobacco enjoyment—wonderfully comforting and satisfying. Their freshness and flavor are a revelation. Roll a cigarette from "Bull" Durham today.

**FREE** An Illustrated Booklet, showing correct way to "Roll Your Own" Cigarettes, and a Package of cigarette papers, will both be mailed, free, to any address in United States on postal request. Address "Bull" Durham, Durham, N.C.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

PUBLIC SAFETY  
AS IMPORTANT TO  
PUBLIC SERVICE

Will You Aid in the Public Safety Campaign?  
Don't take any chances. Be careful yourself and warn others.

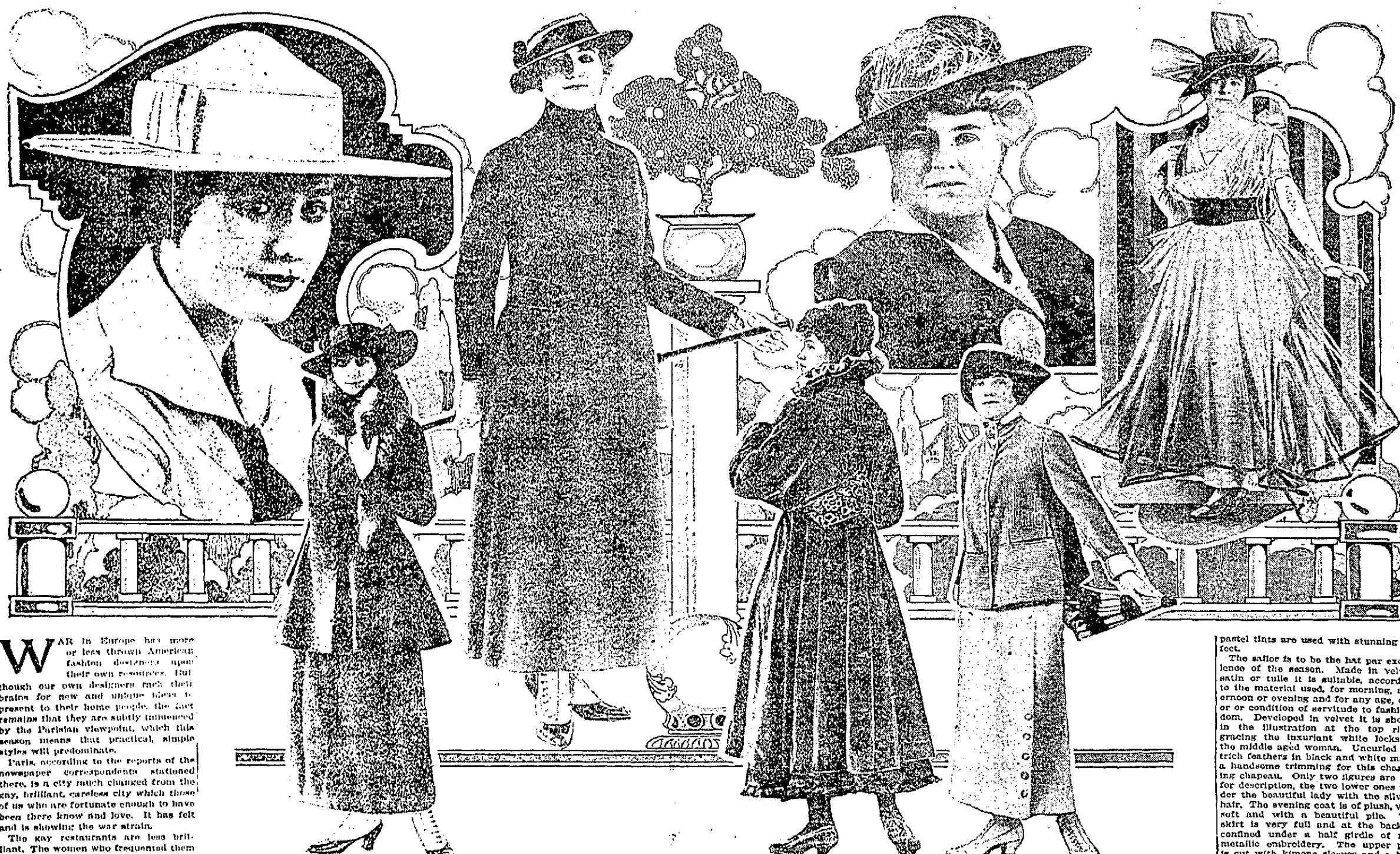
Don't ride on car platforms—get inside.  
Don't touch loose wires anywhere.  
Don't allow children to play along tracks.  
Don't steal rides on the sides of cars.  
Look both ways before crossing tracks.  
Don't step on or







# AUTUMN GREETINGS THE FEMININE WORLD



**W**AR in Europe has more or less thrown American fashion designers upon their own resources. But though our own designers rack their brains for new and unique ideas to present to their home people, the fact remains that they are subtly influenced by the Parisian viewpoint, which this season means that practical, simple styles will predominate.

Paris, according to the reports of the newspaper correspondents stationed there, is a city much changed from the gay, brilliant, careless city which those of us who are fortunate enough to have been there know and love. It has felt and is showing the war strain.

The gay restaurants are less brilliant. The women who frequented them have disappeared. These women, the famous belles of Paris, who spent many thousands of francs each year for luxurious clothing, are now scattered. Possibly some are employing their time in rolling bandages and knitting and sewing. No one can tell? Perhaps the war has wrought one of its many wonderful changes, and the delicate fingers which were wont to toy with the fragile stem of the champagne glass may now be playing the needle in the endeavor to relieve the sufferings of humanity instead of adding to them?

Then there are the famous hostesses

who, who were no less dainty and expensive clothing. In these days, instead of the fashionable teas, receptions and promenades, these delicate hostesses are serving in the hospitals and in various ways are helping to relieve the pitiful condition of the wives and children of the men who are either in the trenches or are wounded and in hospitals. So it would seem fitting and proper that the designers of the Paris couturiers, from whom our own designers derive inspiration, should lack something of the startling quality which have made of Paris the fashion center of the world no longer.

Even the evening gowns show this desire for simplicity, as may be seen by consulting the figure at the right of the illustration which is presented today. For all its charm of silhouette and material this little dance frock is simplicity itself. The material is a soft, rose-colored cloud of silk. The irregular hem is piped with rose-colored satin, and the girdle is of the same shade of

satin. An upstanding frill gives an unique style feature to the bodice, which is simply a wrap of tulle. The silhouette changes are very slight and all tending toward moderation, as is evidenced by the high collar, narrow shoulder, slightly nipped in waist line and the set in sleeve. The full skirt is not so full as to be burdensome, the conservative width being from two to two and one-half yards for tailored gowns and two and one-half to three and one-half yards for evening frocks of the modes prevailing now.

The two tailored suits shown in the picture will illustrate also what I mean by simplicity. The figure at the lower left, wearing the smart fox lion could hardly show a stiffer tailleur. The garment boasts of no trimming whatever, but the cut of the coat, which flares around the hips, lends it style distinction. It fastens by means of three large bone buttons down the front. The skirt is absolutely plain and is cut slightly circular.

The figure in the center shows a new tailleur with a booted effect and a high military collar. It really needs no words to describe it, no simple is it. Blue gabardine is the material used in the building of these two chic and handsome autumn tailleurs. At the upper left hand corner is illustrated one of the chic new autumn frocks. These frocks are shown in the most beautiful colorings imaginable, the one in the picture being of a faint rose pink. Pale blue, old rose, purple, white and all the

pastel tints are used with stunning effect.

The sailor is to be the hat par excellence of the season. Made in velvet satin or tulle it is suitable, according to the material used, for morning, afternoon or evening and for any age, color or condition of servitude to fashion. Developed in velvet it is shown in the illustration at the top right gracing the luxuriant white locks of the middle aged woman. Uncurled ostrich feathers in black and white make a handsome trimming for this charming chaparral. Only two figures are left for description, the two lower ones, under the beautiful lady with the silvery hair. The evening coat is of plush, very soft and with a beautiful pile. The skirt is very full and at the back is confined under a half circle of metallic embroidery. The upper part is cut with kimono sleeves and a high collar.

The sports coat and skirt at the right and the last figure in the picture are very pretty and smart. The coat is of crimson corduroy and is buttoned severely from the throat to the waist line. The skirt is of gray dannel, perfectly plain save for the buttons which ornament the front.

May Wilmoth

## THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

**EVERY** cloud has a silver lining, no matter how dark it may be. And if your eyesight in keen you can look right through the outer covering of darkness and see the silver lining shining through. No matter how great trouble you may be in, there is a bright side to it if you know how to look. Just at first your eyes may be blinded by the appalling darkness of it all, but the minute you become accustomed to it and begin to look around you will see little glimmers of the light shining through the blackness.

### Jam and Jelly Lore

**THIS** is jam and jelly time. Now, while fresh fruits are plentiful, is the housewife's busy period putting up all sorts of delicious confections which will prove extremely welcome six months hence. The following recipes are English in origin and may be helpful to the American housewife:

**Gooseberry Cheese.**  
Wash and pick, any, six pounds of gooseberries, put them in a large pan with about a teaspoonful of water, just enough to keep them from sticking. Stir occasionally and cook till quite soft. Rub through a sieve, measure and weigh the pulp and replace in a clean pan, with one pound of preserving sugar to each pound of pulp. Boil for about forty minutes until a little tried in a saucer will set quite firmly. Put into small pots and cover.

**Damson Cheese can be made just the same, and those confections, in which skin and seeds are rejected, are certainly more wholesome for little children.**

**Raspberry Jam.**  
Pick the fruit carefully and put it in a pan on a cool part of the stove for twenty minutes to draw the juice. Add the sugar (equal weight) and stir well and often till it boils. Cook till some of it will set stiffly when cooled.

**Rhubarb Jam.**  
This is cheap and is best made when the rhubarb is almost past using for

Never give way to despair when trouble has overtaken you. The power you give it. Each and every one of us has her share of grief and trouble, but those of us who give way to it go under. Only those stay on top who have learned to look through and beyond the darkness of trouble to the sunshine of peace and content.

Since we all have more or less misfortune to meet let us strive to meet it in the right way. Why sit down and bewail the ill luck that is ours? Why

### Cherry Jam.

This is nice, with bread and butter or scones, than almost any other. Wash the fruit, remove the stones, put in a pan a pint of red currant juice and three pounds of preserving sugar and boil fast for five minutes. Add four pounds of cherries (weighed after stoning) and boil slowly, stirring frequently and skimming it well till the fruit is perfectly tender, and the syrup will jelly when put to cool. Pour into small jars and cover.

**Vegetable Marrow Jam.**  
Pare, seed and dice the marrow, place in a deep earthenware vessel. To each pound of fruit allow one lemon and one orange very thinly sliced, sprinkle over in layers three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit and leave for two days. Strain the syrup and boil for half an hour, skimming it well. Put in the fruit and boil till tender; then add a few blanched and shredded almonds and a teaspoonful of ground ginger to each pound, boil five minutes more and pour into pots. This is a very good "breakfast jam" and most useful for "open" tarts.

turn our sorrow over and over in our minds, but by looking out the new phases of misfortune? No! Let us stand up beneath its weight, no matter how heavy the load may seem, and, with our eyes fixed on the glimmer of light, let us seek swiftly out of the dark paths into the sunshine.

Once we have learned to walk on the sunny side of life darkness will have no further terrors for us, for we will carry our sunshine around with us in the depths of our hearts. The sunshine of the mind is far warmer and brighter than the sunshine which we see and feel with our physical senses.

Once we have gained the true sense of real mental sunshine we will have the means to pull ourselves out of every slough of despair without any outside aid. For just as Dunstan's "Pillar of Progress" was mental, so it is with all of our journeys through life. What we really accomplish must first be worked out in mind.

Learning to pick out the gleam of light from the dark path, learning how to avoid the sloughs of despair and how to walk in the sunshine is not easy, but even the attempt at learning these lessons brings the reward of happiness and peace. Every little effort in the right direction brings such beautiful returns that the only wonder is that so few of us make the effort.

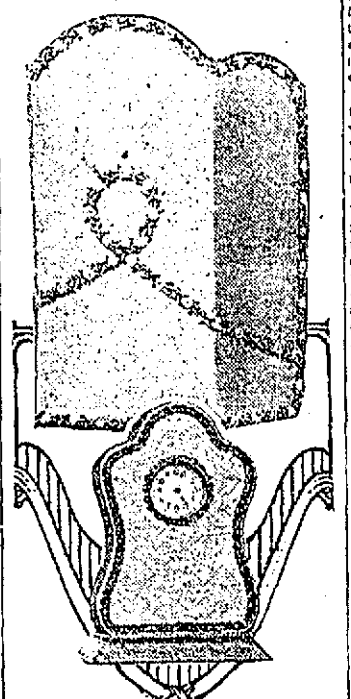
Now is the time to try! Let us begin today the attempt which will lead us into the sunny paths of life. Instead of thinking of the petty annoyances of the day, which stay in our minds, making and irritating, let us wipe out the memory of them. When a disturbing, unpleasant thought comes to trouble us let us fill our minds with lovely thoughts that there will be no room for the inharmonious element.

It is only a small beginning to wipe the discordant thoughts out of our minds, but by beginning so we grow accustomed to harboring only beautiful ideas, and when the time of big trouble comes we will know how to meet it in the right way. Once the mind has learned to know only lovely things it will automatically seek the silver lining when the dark cloud appears on the horizon.

## Pretty Boudoir Novelties

**THE** clock shown in the illustration is a pretty novelty. The frame is made of silk brocade, with an edging of gold braid, and the aperture through which the face of the clock shows is also finished with the braid.

Since the telephone has become a necessary adjunct of many a boudoir



many and various are the inventions to conceal it when not in use. The very most useful article yet furnished for this purpose is the screen pictured here, since it can be so readily removed when the bell rings. As pictured here it is made of cardboard and covered with silk and ornamented with a handsome braid.

## "REDUCING" REDUCED TO A SCIENCE

**THERE** are several things which have made women pay more attention within the past few years to keeping down their flesh than they had been doing," says Dr. Watson L. Savage. "Dress had a good deal to do with it in the first place. There came first the sheathlike gown, which showed every superfluous ounce of flesh, and about the same time came the slit skirt, exposing the ankle.

"Then about this time there came into the public eye a number of persons whose slenderness was noticeable. There was Annette Koltermann in swimming, who was a slender slip of a girl. All these things influence persons.

"No one need have superfluous flesh. It depends upon herself. The flesh may be due to three things—to the manner of eating, dressing or the lack of exercise. It does not depend upon the amount eaten so much as what is eaten or going a long time without food and then eating a hearty meal. That is a great secret. We never keep a meal from a fat man, but we put flesh on a thin one by letting him get very hungry and then feeding him. Any restriction in dress which restricts the circulation may produce flesh.

"Most persons who want to reduce are beyond middle age. The athletic girl of today may be among the women who will reduce tomorrow. It is usually the case with a man athlete that when he drops athletics he puts on flesh. Go to any of the men's athletic clubs and notice the older men who are eating around—the 'has-beens' of athletics. You will usually see that they have waists twice the diameter of what they were when they were in training. The athletic girl will be likely to do much the same thing. It is the woman who has married and settled down who begins to put on flesh."

One of the newest methods for reducing flesh is in the form of "mechanical rollers," and they come from Chicago. They are the invention of a man who made a fortune in mining devices and retired to enjoy his wealth. In this recent invention he turned his skill to a flesh reducer to aid a friend. This was a woman who had been resorting to the practice of rolling. Most stout women in the privacy of their own

rooms are trying to reduce by rolling. Rolling 100 times in one direction and 100 in the other will have a good effect. The only trouble with this is that it is likely to make the patient constipated, so that she may have to give it up.

The Chicago man set to work, and the rolling machine is the result. In it smooth wooden rollers are fixed perpendicularly in a machine which works by electricity. The patient, man or woman—and both use it—stands or sits in the machine, turning around at intervals while the rollers do their good work. Standing. Rolling of any kind, however, is not to be recommended to the woman of slender figure, for it means too many changes of wardrobe. To lose six inches around the waist means a new gown.

mechanical horses, rowing boats and a fine waist reducer which, if the work put into it was done on a farm, would nearly plow a field, and there are all sorts of games which can help also.

It used to be said that wielding a broom was one of the best flesh reducers known and that the only reason it was not used more was because it was so useful and did not cost anything. With the 99 kinds of machines that are now known to exist in dust and the use of the vacuum cleaner, methods which used to be considered sane and sensible are now regarded as foolish. Rolling of any kind, however, is not to be recommended to the woman of slender figure, for it means too many changes of wardrobe. To lose six inches around the waist means a new gown.

**Consider Well the Color Of Your New Gowns**

**MUCH** of the success of a gown depends on its color. Soft, dusky tints predominate one at the start in favor of a frock, while striking, blazing shades are apt to repel on first sight. Only the most strikingly plain designs can carry off a vivid color, while a pastel shaded material can be done up in the most complicated of models.

This year's fashions are so soft in texture that they resemble fountains. The colors, too, are beautifully soft for evening gowns. One sees a great many combinations in colors in evening gowns. For example, one little frock seen recently was done in two shades of pink pussy willow silk, a dark tone and a lighter one. The skirt was a series of ruffles, alternating the light and dark shades to a very stunning effect. The scalloped skirt was finished off with rows of tiny ruffles to give it this year's necessary fullness.

Those who prophesied that high neckbands would not really arrive till the winter have been proved false prophets. With truly feminine inconsequence we have elected to begin them in the summer, and all the new blouses, especially those for afternoon wear, are cut with



# The RED MIST

## A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

### By RANDALL PARRISH

#### ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## The Cane Ridge Meeting House.

The spot where Noreen lay was not fifty feet distant, but my position gave me no glimpse of her through the tangled brush. I must have dried, for the sun was high overhead when I finally aroused myself, and arose to my feet. I watered the animals, and seated myself again, this time on a flat stone beside the stream. Surely I had never been here before, even in the days of my boyhood's vagrant tramping, and yet that tormented creek, with the huge rock chimney rising conspicuous at its center, revived a recollection that would not be entirely denied. I had seen it before, but from another angle—from the south; from that hillside, perhaps, where the creek headed. Why, that was Cane Ridge!

I do not know why I laughed, but I did—perhaps it was from sudden relief at thus discovering exactly where we were, and seeing clearly the easier way out. The sound of a foot stepping on a round stone caused me to face about. Noreen was within a few feet of me, higher up on the bank, one hand holding back the branch of a tree.

"Why were you laughing?" she asked. "I thought you had gone crazy!" I heard that sound.

"I had to laugh when the truth finally came to me; that is Cane Ridge."

"Where—where the Baptist church is?"

"Exactly; where Parson Nichols points out to his congregation the straight and narrow way. There is a bridge path yonder leading up from the valley, which will save us a five-mile detour. But it means we are within Cowan's country, and to climb those hills with horses will require the use of daylight."

"You think Anne—"

"In probably back before this, and doing his best to trail us. Even if he does not discover the body of old Ned, he will naturally conclude we will head east. My only hope is that, not having seen us last night, he may imagine we chose the southern route, and ride there first. But if he does, doubtless he would send some one of his men scouting this way."

"You have heard—seen nothing?"

"No, we are too far back; the noise of an army passing along the river will not reach here. If we get to Cane Ridge church before dawn, we must trust to luck, and the light for the next thirty miles."

"You fear Cowan's gang more than the troops? Surely they will pursue?"

"N doubt; McKenney will be riding, and Haymond crazy to get hard on me. All there will be some picking up of trophies. I should have liked to see Fox's face when he heard the news. By heavens! they are too much for me to charge him with complicity, for he was officer of the day. However, I do not greatly fear them; they will make noise enough to warn us, and couldn't track a deer. I, too, maintain men we must guard against; they are wolves. You slept well?"

"After the first half hour, I slept, and strong. Shall we go now?"

"When we have eaten. There may be no other opportunity, and there is ample time."

We sat over the poor meal a long while, talking like old friends, laughing over revived memories, almost forgetting that we were fugitives, our very lives at stake. Twice we heard guns, but the reports were but distant echoes, sounding afar off to the westward. Yet these made me nervous to get away, and when a number of soldiers gathered almost a volley, distinctly audible, I hastened to pack what little remained of food on our horses, and led the way, fording the shallow stream, and guiding my horse up the opposite bank into the deep shade of the woods beyond. The remains of the hill were open, except for a considerable grove to the rear of the church. That edifice appeared, as I remembered it, unchanged in size; a simple, a fairly large building, constructed of logs, with square, clapboarded tower in front, four windows on each side, containing small panes of glass, a number of them broken. We were at the rear, with a broad door at one corner, protected by a porch. It appeared deserted and deserted, the loneliness accentuated by the empty hitching racks on either side.

We advanced side by side along what was once a well-trodden path, making no attempt at concealment. Indeed, any such effort would have been useless, as the crest of the ridge lay open, and bare of vegetation, it was so fully convinced we were unobserved that I took no precaution—my entire thought, indeed, centered upon the girl at my side.

The heavy latch of the front door lifted easily to the pressure of my hand, and we stepped into a narrow vestibule. Noreen grasping my arm nervously, as she faced the shadowed interior of the deserted building. Some instinct of caution caused me to close the door behind us, and then I drew her forward, laughing at her fears, until we obtained glimpse of the interior, already becoming obscured by

the approaching night. It was a rather shabby-looking place, not overly clean, even in that merciful dimness. Rude benches, without backs, stretched almost from wall to wall, a narrow aisle leading to the pulpit, set within an alcove, and scarcely discernible except in barest outline. I recognized a big figure, lying open on the gaiter seat, a book of some kind, do'ed' scared and convulsed, lay on the floor at my feet, and I bent to pick it up. As I came upright again, a man stepped from the shadow of a corner, and the steel barrel of a revolver flashed before my eyes. I felt Noreen crouch against me, uttering a muffled cry.

"Stand as you are, Yank," said a rather pleasant voice. "Pardon me, lady."

He was a young fellow, with bold, black eyes, a little jaunty mustache, and a mouth inclined to laugh, but what I stared at in open-eyed astonishment, was his broad-brimmed hat and natty gray cavalry jacket.

"Some surprise party, I reckon," he chuckled grimly. "None, Wharton, kindly relieve the gentleman of his arsenal; take the lady's gun, also. It's all right, boys."

To my unbounded amazement, up from the floor, where they had been lying concealed beneath the benches, a number of men came scrambling to their feet. Those nearest me wore gray clad troopers, with carbines in their hands.

"Who in heaven's name are you?" I asked, at last finding my voice. "Confederates here?"

"Your first guess is an excellent one," he answered lightly, obviously enjoying the scene. "You have the honor of being prisoner to this Third Kentucky cavalry. Wharton?"

"Yes, sir." The sergeant advanced. "Conduct the lady and gentleman to the sanctity of the pulpit, sergeant, where they may converse with the presiding genius of this house of worship erected in the wilderness."

"You mean you hold prisoner Parson Nichols?" I asked.

"No doubt 'tis he. We discovered the party alone here, and held him for the pleasure of his company."

"Just moment, lieutenant," and I faced him squarely, ignoring the urp of Wharton's hand on my arm.

"There is no reason to hold us prisoners, all there is Yankee about me is this uniform. I have just escaped from the Federal guard at Lewisburg. His eyes, laughing, yet suspicious, swept our faces.

"I'm not easily fooled," he said, "but ready enough to learn. Who are you?"

"Thomas Wyatt, sergeant, Staunton horse artillery."

"By all the gods, it soundeth strange. How came you here?"

"On Jackson's orders. I was born in this county, and because of that he chose me to find out the numbers and disposition of the Federal troops in this neighborhood, together with some other facts he wished to know. I was captured in Federal uniform, and held under death sentence as a spy. I escaped last night."

"And the woman?"

She threw back the cap which had partially concealed her face, revealing her bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Permit me to answer for myself, Lieutenant Harwood."

"Noreen Harwood! Why, it takes me off my feet. How comes it you are here?"

"My father is dead," she answered simply, the brightness vanishing from her face. "He was killed only a few days ago."

"I regret to learn that, cousin," and he held out his hand. "Who is this man, and why are you here with him?"

"He has told you the truth," she answered quietly, her hand still within his. "I have known him from childhood. I—I am his wife."

There was a moment of silence, of astonishment. I heard the soldiers murmur of voices speaking cautiously. Then Harwood released her hand, and extended his own to me, his eyes frank and cordial.

"I accept you on faith, comrade," he said pleasantly, "but there is a spurs gray jacket strapped to my arm, and round more becoming than that blue coat. Salut Christopher! but 'tis a most happy family reunion we're having; I'll want the story presently, but now I must look to my men. 'Tis no easy game we are playing."

"Let me understand that, lieutenant," I exclaimed, as he turned away. "How does it happen you are here, and for what purpose?"

"A while since of my own, aided and abetted by the commander at Covington. We are of the garrison there."

He explained briefly, his glance searching the dim interior. "The Yankees have a forage train out as far as Hot Springs. I got permission for a dash to cut them off. We took the cut-off, and landed here about daylight. The train should have been along behind now, but there is no sign of it."

"You have been in hiding here all day, and seen nothing?"

"Oh! we've seen enough," and he laughed. "But nothing we cared to measure swords with. The road yonder appears popular, but, by good luck, no Yankee shows an eagerness to attend church. There was a gang of

mountain men along by here maybe two hours ago who rode up to the door, and took a look at the shabang. Whether they were Yank or Reb I didn't know. Anyhow, we were willing enough to see them pass on out of sight. They looked and talked as though they were spoiling for a fight."

"How many?"

"Thirty or forty—a right smart crowd. There were only two came up, and rode round the church—a big fellow with a red beard, and a little weol-faced fox he called Kelly."

"Yes, I know them; they were hunting after us. Did they go on east?"

"They did. So has every one else we've seen today. That's what puzzled us, as to just what might be up. I reckon you must be some popular to create such a furor. Why an hour after sunset a whole blame company of bluecoats went by, riding like mad, their horses dripping, and a young fellow spurring them on. He'd lost his hat, and they never so much as took a side look at this shabang. They were in some hurry, my friend."

"And neither party has returned?"

"Not a sign of them."

"What force have you here?"

"Twenty-eight enlisted men."

"You have pickets out?"

"One man each way, a mile down the road, concealed. The tower up there commands the country in both directions."

"And your horses?"

"Hidden in the grove yonder."

I grasped the situation clearly enough, and also comprehended the reckless nonchalance of the officer. What was his purpose—his present plan? It appeared a retreat, back along the unfrequented mountain trail by which this daring party of adventurers had come. The troops, as well as the guerrillas, must have discovered by this time that we were not in advance of them. They would return searching every nook and corner in hope of discovering the hiding place. They might even unite their forces, impelled as they were by the force, and thus become truly formidable. Personal hatred of Noreen, would animate and control both Anne Cowan and the angry, humiliated lieutenant.

While neither would likely confess his purpose to the other, yet their mutual interests would naturally suggest an alliance. And there was no war feud between the two which would necessarily prevent their cooperation. In deed, the troopers would gladly welcome any excuse which would bring Cowan's gang of outlaws into closer contact. And the outfit would never pass by this church again without searching for interior. Only a gesture, a hint to overtake us in our attempted flight, had led to their blind riding by before. I turned to Harwood, who was whispering nonsense to Noreen.

"What do you mean to do, lieutenant?" I asked quietly, but with my own mind made up. "Remain here?"

He stroked his small mustache. "I thought we might hang on until midnight, Wyatt, and then, if nothing happened, take the back trail. I don't want to pass another day in this cursed hole. What do you think?"

"That the sooner we get away the better," I answered promptly. "Your position here is far more dangerous than you appear to realize. Both those parties traveling east were in search after us; they were led by men who would go to any extreme to effect our capture. I haven't time to tell you the whole story now, but it involves your cousin as well as myself. They rode straight on because they were convinced we were still ahead of them. 'Tis likely they know better now, and will search every ravine and covert on their return. If the forage train is moving this way, the cavalrymen are with it in addition to the regular guard, and you will never dare attack with your small force. The only chance you have of bringing your command safely back to Covington, lieutenant, is to get out before your presence here is suspected."

"I suppose that's right," he admitted reluctantly. "But I don't like to turn tail without hitting a blow—it's not the style of the Third Kentucky. We could give a good account of ourselves against those Yankee troopers."

"Possibly; but not against a combination of troopers, wagon guard, and Cowan's gang of guerrillas. They would outnumber you four to one; and they are fighting men."

"You think they will combine?"

"If they meet, and there is an explanation—yes. Cowan doesn't care which side he fights on, so he gains his end, and the cavalry commander will welcome any reinforcements. They might quarrel later over results, but now they possess a common object, and will be like two peas in a pod. Do as you please, Harwood, but I am not under your command, and if you choose to remain here, we will ride on alone. Will you go with me, Noreen?"

She had not spoken, and in the fast-increasing gloom I could scarcely distinguish her presence. But at my direct question she took a step toward me, and I felt the presence of her hand on my sleeve.

"Yes," she said simply, "whenever you think best, Cousin," she added, glancing across her shoulder at the perplexed officer. "I would like you to come too."

He laughed, wheeling about in sudden decision.

"I reckon I might as well," he admitted good-humoredly. "Wharton, have the pickets drawn in, and the men mustered. 'We'll start—Great God! What is that?"

It was the sound of a scattered volley, the piques not all of the name caliber, the reports ringing clear, and the instant of silence which followed a voice called down excitedly from the tower.

"There is firing to the east, sir." Harwood swore as he strode across to the nearest window on that side. Except for a faint tinge of light in the west, and a half moon in the southern sky, we were enveloped in darkness, but we all of us heard the sounds of hoofs and the approaching rumble of wagon wheels. Harwood turned and faced inward.

"It's the forage train, boys," he said sharply. "With a bunch of cavalry riding ahead. Get to the windows, but be quiet about it—you know the orders. Wharton, have the men load; come with me, Wyatt, where we can see out in front."

Noreen clung to me as I groped my way through the narrow door into the vestibule.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## The Trap Closes.

The lieutenant's fingers gripped my shoulder.

"By the Lord Haffy, the fellows make noise enough for an army," he whispered. "I reckon they are all there."

"No doubt of it—how is your ammunition?"

"Steady rounds to a man," he chuckled. "It will cost them something to get through these log walls. Still, we haven't much chance in the end," he added thoughtfully. "For they're bound to get us. Generally I pray for a fight, but now I hope those Yanks will be kind enough to ride by."

"And so do I," I answered soberly, feeling the quick pulse of Noreen's fingers. "There they come, Harwood—see! two horsemen ahead."

They were merely black shadows outlined against the white road, but as they drew somewhat closer the moonlight gave them substance. One was slender, sitting straight in the saddle, but the other slouched awkwardly over his pommel, a larger, more shapely figure. In the distance, down the sharp slope of the hill, appeared the deeper shadow of an advancing column of mounted men. The only sound was the impatient pawing of a horse's hoof and Noreen's whisper in my ear.

"The bigger one is Anne Cowan."

"And the other Raymond," I returned in the same low tone. "The two have apparently got together."

"It looks mighty odd to me," said a voice suddenly, clearly audible through the night. "That fellow being in Rob uniform. What could he be doing here?"

"A scout, I reckon," grumbled a reply, barely distinguishable. "Just a stray we ran into, but it must be best to take a look along this road ridge afore we ride on."

"All right," asserted the other. "I'll wait here until Fox and Morn come up. Let some of your men ride back as far as these woods over yonder;



"He has told you the truth," she answered quietly.

and say, it wouldn't do any harm to take a look inside the church. You didn't stop coming out?"

"Now, we didn't stop for nothing. We thought the way you fellows were riding, you had a hot trail, and we rode to the hell ter get in at the death. 'Tis likely they'll anyone in side the merlin house, but I reckon we may as well be sure an' long as we're here. No d'um fool would hide this close ter the pike. That you, Kelly?"

There was a meaningless growl from an advancing group of horsemen and Anne swore, spurring his horse forward to meet them.

"By God, Kelly! I've had enough of your damned growl. Either you do as I say, or I'll cave the side of your head in, and have done with it. I've had enough, do you hear? I reckon I'm just as interested in overmulling that case as you are. Now you obey my orders, an' be quick about it; give me another line of back talk, you Irish bastard, an' I'll blow the whole top of your head off! You're what Jokin'! Well, let up on that kind, will you? I'm in no humor for it. Take three or four men, and ride over the ridge, back as far as the rock. The sojers are poin' ter halt yere a minute."

Kelly and his little squad trotted past us, circling the end of the building, the remainder of the group of horsemen, evidently composed of Cowan's gang of outlaws, scattering along the roadside, with no semblance of military discipline. Raymond touched spur to his horse's flank, and went trotting back down the road, as though intending to intercept the advancing column, which was not yet

visible. Cowan looked after him with a sneer.

"The d—d dandy," he growled to a man just behind, gesturing with one hand. "I don't take orders from nothin' like that. Would you, Jim?"

"I should say not," responded the other, spitting into the road. "What ever got us tied up yere with these Yankers, Anne, anyhow? I done thought as how we was fightin' against the blue-bellies a bit ago; an' now we're as thick as two peas. Did yer get yer price?"

Cowan laughed grimly.

"That ain't no occasion fer yer ter worry, Jim," he confided, evidently willing the others close about should hear. "We ain't tied up with no Tanks, 'cept fer maybe a few hours. Hell! that wasn't nothin' else ter do, but be spittin'. That was thirty of us rammin' kerpump inter that bunch of cavalrymen, with their wagon train a-comin' a hundred yards away."

"We weren't in no shape fer ter fight about a hundred an' fifty sojers. I reckon, tho', we'd had to it if that young poppley had been in command. He ain't got the sense of a dried louse. But Cap Fox, he rode out, an' we sorter talked it over. He don't feel very blame kind toward me since our fracas t'other night, but he's a sojer, an' he knows what Ramsey wants. That's what I banked on, fer I know the general had give his orders ter use every means possible ter git us ter help out the Yanks. So I just up an' told 'em cap that we was out huntin' fer their same feller he was; that my father had been killed, an' I reckoned the Rob spy did it, an' that from now on we was goin' fer ter fight on their side. I don't reckon as how he believed much of what I said, but all the same, he had ter pretend he did, an' let us go 'long without no fightin'. So he done sent us on ahead, an' sent that young snip along fer ter watch me. That's the how it happened."

"I see, an' t'ermorrow we leaves them holdin' the bag—Hullo, Anne! look that—it's Kelly comin' back, an' by Jinks! he's leadin' two bosses."

Anno swung down to the ground, and ran his hands over the animals, fingering the equipment.

"Didn't the lieutenant say that the spy an' the girl got off on horses hitched by the hotel?"

"I didn't hear tell."

"Well, I did; anyhow they wasn't army horses they took. By God! I believe they're hidin' now in that church. Here, you Kelly, a now, exaltat tone in his voice, scatter your men out around their whol' buildin'; we've trood our game, I reckon."

The guerrillas came forward on foot, running, and scrambling up the incline, but inclined to keep well back from the silent church. Jim was clattering down the pike, the clang of his horse's hoofs dying away in the distance. Harwood dropped his gripping hands from off my shoulder, and stepped back from before the window.

"Here, sir," and Wharton moved slightly in the darkness, so as to signify his whereabouts.

"You attended to the door?"

"Yes, sir; we found an old iron bar to fit across; they'll have to crush in the wood to get through."

(to be continued.)

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Lot of Summer Dresses, Values \$10 . . \$1.95

### Bazaar Dept. Store

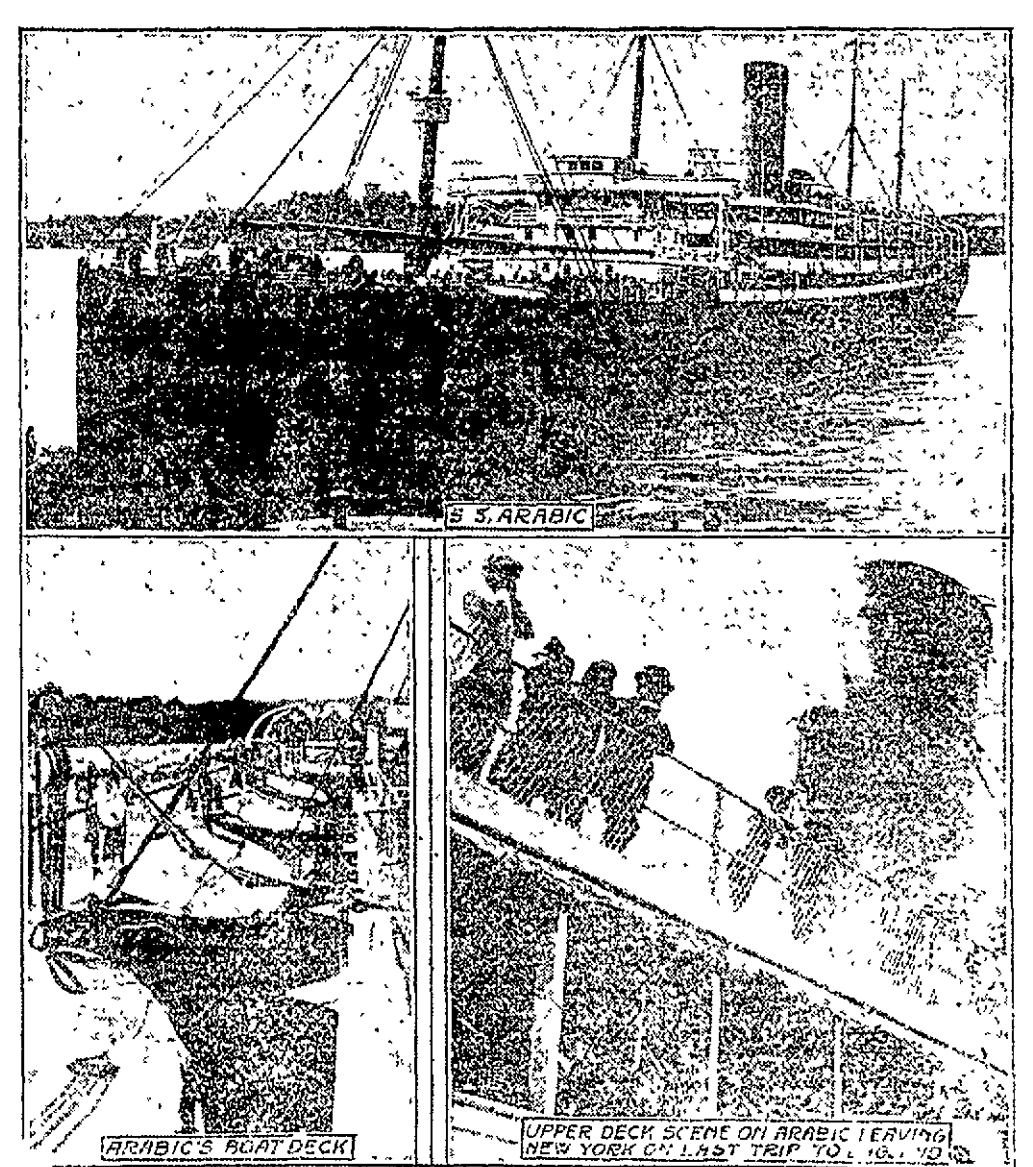
N. PITTSBURG ST., CONNELLSVILLE

## OUR ADVERTISING COLUMNS

are read by the people because it gives them news of absorbing interest. People who go looking about for things they want—they go to their newspapers for information as to where such things may be found. This method saves time and trouble. If you want to bring your wares to the attention of this community, our advertising columns should contain your Ad.

TRY OUR WANT ADS.

## The S. S. Arabic, Sunk by Submarine, and Recent Views on Her Deck.



## FRANK PUBLICITY BY SCHOOL BOARDS IS URGED BY U. S.

Department of Education  
Declares It Brings the  
Best Results.

### DEFFENBAUGH OFFERS VIEWS

Former Superintendent of Schools  
Here, Now With Federal Bureau,  
Tells of Good Results Following  
the Free Use of Printers' Ink.

Frank publicity in securing the cooperation of the community in the work of the schools is urged by W. S. Deffenbaugh, of the U. S. Bureau of Education, in a report on "School Progress in the Middle States," just issued. Mr. Deffenbaugh can speak with authority concerning this subject. His election as superintendent of the Conneltsville public schools—their first superintendent—by the way—was largely the result of a campaign of publicity which resulted in a thorough reorganization of the school system here by a reform school board led by E. C. Hughes, J. E. Newton and John L. Gans. As superintendent of schools Mr. Deffenbaugh believed in publicity, not for himself, but for the schools. His successors have used the press to advantage, with the result that the public has a better knowledge of what the schools are doing than it has ever before had.

"School boards that are managing the schools ably and honestly do not fear to turn on the searchlight," declares Mr. Deffenbaugh. "The sentiment is growing among school boards that the public should know how its money is expended. In the most progressive schools the board and the superintendent are presenting facts to the people either in printed reports, in newspaper articles, or by both.

"Some school men, however, object to furnishing the newspaper with school information on the ground that they are thereby advertising themselves. A superintendent who was complaining about lack of interest among the parents in the schools of his city was asked whether he reported the progress of the schools through the local papers. He replied that he did not believe in advertising himself. He failed to grasp the idea that school news is not for the purpose of boosting the superintendent; besides, being legitimate news, it calls attention to the work of the school so that the school may become more efficient.

"In several cities, as Peoria, Ill., there is an educational bureau of the local papers. The newspapers there are daily school news notes. On the whole, the public is becoming better informed regarding the schools than it was a few years ago. The tendency is toward greater publicity by means of printed reports and newspaper articles.

"That the schools can work to advantage through women's clubs in improvement clubs and through parent-teacher associations has been thoroughly demonstrated in many of the smaller cities. Such clubs are often instrumental in the introduction of kindergarten, manual training, and domestic science. The superintendent of one school utilized the women's clubs of the city by giving them each club some consideration to the question, 'What can be done to improve the efficiency of your schools?'

Each club discussed the question and sent a representative to present to the teachers the ideas of the club. In the opinion of the superintendent of schools in that city the plan aroused interest among women of the city in better schools.

**CONFERENCE.** Aug. 23.—Mrs. Roy Vandenberg and three children are visiting friends at Johnson's Chapel. L. S. Lincoln of Uniontown, was a recent business visitor here.

Miss Charlotte of Friendsville, Md., was a recent visitor to friends here. Miss Ruth and Lucille Barnworth have returned from a visit with their grandmother, Mrs. Annabel Barnworth and other relatives at Johnson's Chapel.

W. J. Butler of Brownsville, attended the picnic at Johnson's Chapel on Saturday.

Mrs. Lloyd Kurtz and two children are visiting relatives in Clearfield county.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wright and two children have returned to their home in Irwin, after a two week visit with Mrs. Wright's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Reber of the West Side.

Mrs. Carl Brown of the West Side, who has been quite ill for some time, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wagner of Conneltsville, are visiting Mrs. Wagner's father, E. L. Hall at Charleston for a few days.

Miss Alice Beam, who has been visiting friends in Detroit, Mich., for several weeks, has returned home.

Ardenky of East Pittsburgh, arrived here Friday for a visit with relatives.

Joseph Dickson of Conneltsville, who was fishing in this vicinity, has returned home.

D. A. Griffith of Uniontown, was a business caller here Saturday.

Mrs. Elberta Rogers left Friday for a visit with friends in Uniontown. Edward Dean of Farmington, was a business caller here Saturday.

## TOWNSEND REUNION

Family gathering is held at Father's home, Conneltsville.

Special to the Courier.

PERRYVILLE, Aug. 23.—A reunion of the Townsend clan was held in Father's Grove at Perryville on Saturday. A history of the Townsend family was compiled by Mrs. Garard of Uniontown and read by M. E. Townsend. This history dated back to the founder of the family, Richard Townsend, a Quaker prospector, who came from England with William Penn. He took up a tract of land in Ohio. Later some of his descendants moved and settled near Claywood, on what is now the M. J. Townsend farm. About 50 persons were in attendance and letters were read from Townsend Cape of Indiana, expressing his regrets at not being able to be present; also from John Townsend Murphy, a prominent attorney of Pittsburgh, who expected to be present but was detained by court business. The day was very pleasantly spent in renewing old acquaintances and partaking of the noon picnic dinner. A permanent organization was formed with M. E. Townsend of Claywood as president, Mrs. H. H. Stoen, Perryville, secretary; Dr. J. P. Strickler, Scottsdale, treasurer; Mrs. Martha Garard, Uniontown, his organ.

The register showed the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Townsend, Illinois; W. S. Townsend, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Townsend, Ohio; John W. Townsend, Perryville; Mr. and Mrs. W. Strickler, Ind. on St. Clair and family, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Strickler, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Wray and family, Miss Helen Strickler, Scottsdale; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Cotton, New Kensington; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Townsend, Miss Dorothy Townsend, West Newton; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Townsend, J. A. Townsend, Claywood; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garard, Uniontown; Mr. and Mrs. Messmore and family, Massillon; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Townsend and family, Brownsville; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Townsend and family, Uniontown; Mr. and Mrs. Byron Fisher and daughter, Independence; Mrs. Alice Townsend, Uniontown; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keener, Monessen; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Townsend, W. C. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. James Carson and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stoen and daughter, Perryville.

## At the Theatres

### SOISSON THEATRE

**"HIS NEW PROFESSION"**—Charles Chaplin in "His New Profession." That extraordinarily funny comedian, Charles Chaplin, comes to the Soisson Theatre today in the melodramatic comedy, "His New Profession." Mr. Chaplin is certainly a delight to his host of admirers. The fifth episode of "The Broken Coin" is also presented today, with Grace Cunard and Francis Ford. The most beautiful play ever written, "The Broken Coin," is an imp three reel feature, with Vivian Prescott and William Shay as the stars of this production. The play is one of the most dramatic triumphs of the past decade. The Soisson comedy, "Little Egypt Malone," is a bright playlet with many comical situations. Tomorrow the Soisson Theatre Company will present the celebrated actor, Edmund Breeze in the five reel sensational dramatic success, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." It is a wonderful play.

### COLONIAL THEATRE

**"THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE"**—The winsome little star of the Famous Players Film Company, Marguerite Clark, returns to the stage in a new short story has sprung into international fame as a film favorite, in a revelation in her latest screen appearance in the Famous Players five part production of Frances Hodson Turner's picture romance of old Spain, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," which is now the chief attraction on the Paramount Program at the Colonial.

In this superb production Miss Clark triumphs as she has never triumphed on the screen before. This fact is true not only because her role provides her with many wonderful opportunities, but because of her display of force and temperament in her portrayal. In addition to the moments of stress throughout the drama, which she executes so effectively, we see her early charm, her delightful little Irish mannerisms, those exquisite little bits of comedy which she executes so intuitively, combined with a gentle pathos all developed artistically and with somptuous charm.

The Famous Players Film Company has produced many notable feature successes, but few even of its superb production can rank in charm and appeal with the "Pretty Sister of Jose." The play has been set amid scenes of rare beauty. The color and glamour of old Madrid, the environment of the drama's action, are realistically depicted. Miss Clark's sympathetic impersonation of the central character is enhanced by the splendid portrayal of an apparently carefully chosen company. Sublimely, the hero, impersonated by Rudolph Valentino.

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Had Trouble With Her Stomach. "About four years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach. I found it necessary to eat sparingly," writes Mrs. Bernice Wyand, Lima, Ohio. "There was a dull and heavy feeling in my stomach after eating that was most uncomfortable. I was also annoyed by frequent headaches. After taking a number of medicines without benefit I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Tablets and found they were just the thing. Two bottles of them rid me of this complaint. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

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## Latest Method of Turk Snipers in Deceiving Allies



C. CLEVER TURKISH DISGUISE

GALLI POLI PENINSULA, Aug. 23.—Various Turkish snipers and sharpshooters have adopted the novel ruse of covering themselves with branches of trees and bushes as they advance on the allies. By this method they get into close range and pick off many men. The illustration shows a Turk captured by Britishers while so disguised.

## STAR JUNCTION WINS

California Defeated in a Fast Contest Saturday.  
Star Junction won in a lively contest Saturday to the tune of 2-2 from the strong California team at Star Junction. The features of the game was Dunham's pick ups. This makes 20 games won and five lost for Star Junction. Score: Star Junction ..... 000 018 11x—2 California ..... 010 100 000—2

## GLOBE THEATRE

**"THE HAND OF GOD"**—Naomi Childers and Charles McIlroy are appearing today at the Globe in a two act Vitaphone drama, "The Hand of God." This picture is one of absorbing interest, and the story is a beautiful one. An interesting drama, "The Hand of God," presenting Nell Craig and Sheldon Lewis. A Vitaphone drama, with Ivan Christy and Joseph McDermott, and the "Hand of God," an Edison comedy featuring Raymond McKee and Vito Benner, concludes the bill. Tomorrow Charles Chaplin the famous comedian, will be seen in "A Woman," one of his latest comedy successes. He will also appear in "The Midnight Limited," a daring railroad drama.

## DAWSON

DAWSON, Aug. 23.—Miss Lou Fairchild spent Saturday with friends in West Newton.  
Mrs. A. Vail and Mrs. Frances Moore are spending a few days with the latter's daughter, Mrs. Charles Hanel of Uniontown.  
C. C. Klein spent Sunday with relatives in Smithton.  
Mrs. A. Klein was a recent Pittsburgh caller.  
C. J. McGill was a business caller in Pittsburgh Friday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth Evans and family are spending a few days with relatives in Scottsdale.

Miss Ruth McGowan is spending a few weeks at Indian Head.  
Mrs. Harry Carpenter of Conneltsville, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Hise.

Mrs. Charles Gail is visiting relatives and friends in Uniontown, O., for a few weeks.

Miss Gail of Grindstone, spent Sunday with her parents in Lower Tyrone township.

Mrs. J. A. Smith and daughter, Nettie, spent Saturday in Pittsburgh.

## SOISSON THEATRE

**"THE HOUSE OF LILIES"**  
5c TODAY 10c

THE POPULAR COMEDIAN CHAS. CHAPLIN IN THE ROISTERING COMEDY

**"HIS NEW PROFESSION"**

GRACE CUNARD AND FRANCIS FORD IN THE FIFTH EPISODE OF THE NEW SERIAL

**"THE BROKEN COIN"**

VIVIAN PRESCOTT AND WM. SHAY IN THE BEAUTIFUL THREE REEL IMP DRAMA

**"LEAH, THE FORSAKEN"**

THE NESTOR COMEDY

**"LITTLE EGYPT MALONE"**

**TOMORROW**

THE CELEBRATED ACTOR EDMUND BREEZE IN THE FIVE REEL SENSATIONAL SUCCESS

**"THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW"**

## Wright-Metzler Co.

"The Store With the New Styles First"

## A Busy Selling Season Leaves Some Broken Lots of Ribbons

### Lot One at 25c

—Regular 35c to 50c Ribbons, Moires, Brocades, Heavy Taffetas, Dressings and Messalines. Good widths that are suitable for Hair-bows, Scarves and such usage. A good saving at only 25c the yard.

### Lot Two at 49c

—Only 49c for regular 65c and 85c values. This season's most fashionable Ribbons in black and white stripes and plain Messalines suitable for sashes.

### Lot Three at 19c

—One lot of Dresden, Flain, Messalines and Plaid Ribbons that have been in great demand all season. Sold regularly for 25c and 35c.



## The Fall Fashion Book is Here

—You cannot afford to be without this splendid Fashion Guide. It is a recognized style authority, the first aid to fashionable dressing. Full from cover to cover with the latest and smartest designs for the Fall wardrobe.

—The Fashion Book shows in hundreds of lovely pictures, just what the well-dressed woman wants to know. Chic, practical, wearable fashions for every member of the family.

—Get it now. The price is only 25c and includes any 15c Pictorial Review Pattern absolutely free.

At the Pattern Counter

## Will Your Boy be Properly Clothed When the Call to School is Sounded?

—The appearance of a boy on this day will be a source of pride to every mother. We do not mean that he should be elegantly dressed, but he should have a neat, serviceable little suit that's intended primarily for school boys.

—It isn't a bit too soon to begin thinking about this outfit, either, for very soon the call will come. This store with its unusually large stocks of everything for the boy from head to foot is in the best position to serve you.

—Our school boys' suits are business-like little affairs built to withstand the many hard knocks that youth alone can give them. Mother and the boy will both be pleased.



## "Elk Junior" is the Ideal Suit for Every School Boy

**GUARANTEED ALL WOOL**, nonshrinkable material, pants lined throughout with superior Japan linen of extra strength and finish. Exquisite pattern, well-thought. Extra watch pocket. Saves Mother much mending. An Elk Brand ticket on your boy's suit means better service; means more for your money than any other suit on the market. The best for style and quality and the price is only.....\$5.00

## Boys' Suits

—We sell a very fine line of boys' suits at \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00. The Famous Elk Junior Suit may also be had with two pairs of trousers for \$7.50. Every Suit Guaranteed. Elk Junior Corduroy Suits for \$5.00, with two pairs of pants \$6.00. Our clothing for boys gives satisfaction—always. On this basis we have made the selections for our stock. No room here for inflated values.

## Boys' Caps and Pants

—Boys' new hats and caps for fall have arrived. We include all the new shapes and colors that are good this autumn.

—Boys' extra pants, lined, for 50c. Many others up to \$1.50. Blue Serge Pants, at \$1.00 and \$1.50.

## GERMAN AMBASSADOR WHO MAY BE RECALLED



COUNT VON BERNSTORFF

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Persistent rumors creep into prominence here to the effect that Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to the United States, will be recalled owing to opposition he has aroused here.

## Alan F. Gentry, M. D.

The Philadelphia Specialist.  
Office, 108 W. Main street, Conneltsville, Pa., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.—Specialties: Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Surgery. Glasses Fitted.



For REMAINDER THIS WEEK I will accept for treatment all patients in my specialty at HALF MY REGULAR RATES, including glasses and surgical cases. Please remember, the fact I am here to stay, that a traveling optician only, but a regular registered and licensed physician.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. N. B.—Dr. Gentry has operated in the leading hospitals of large cities and has taken special courses in Europe and there is now no need for the people of this vicinity to visit larger cities and their institutions or hospitals, as Dr. Gentry is familiar with the new, special and combined treatments, and gives such in his office, and arrangements can be made for surgical operations at patient's home.

Lady attendant for ladies.

## COLONIAL THEATRE

HOME OF PARAMOUNT PICTURES  
H. O. KEAGY, Manager.

MATINEE Monday & Tuesday NIGHT

The Captivating and Adorable

MARGUERITE CLARK

In a Charming Photo Production of the Picturesque Romance of Old Spain.

**"The Pretty Sister of Jose"**

In Five Parts.

TWO DAYS — BE SURE AND SEE IT — TWO DAYS

PATHE NEWS—LATEST EVENTS.

SATURDAY—"JIM THE PENMAN"—FIVE PARTS

PRICES: 10c ADULTS, 5c CHILDREN, 5c

10c

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